


THE
Common-HUNT,
OR, THE
PURSUITE
OF THE
POPE.

679
ELIGION having suffer'd long,
Scarce knowing who had done her wrong;
Her Profelytes together flew
By th' Ears, to kill they knew not who.
Here lay, making a heavy stir,
Fifth-Monarchy and Presbyter;
There Independent, after Pause,
Demanding for the *Good old Cause*;
Next Anabaptist, and his Train,
Put in for *Dipping* o're again;
While *Yea* and *Nay*, with his *new Light*,
Quarrels, altho he dare not fight;
Next enters, after many knocks,
Episcopacy Orthodox;

A

She

She, proper Lady of the foil,
 Composes the unhappy Broil.
 Now all is well, and all goes right,
 There's no need now to hate or fight,
 Now Pro'elytes may all agree,
 And live in Love and Liberty?
 But hold, poor Church! and thou shalt find,
 That thy worst Enemy's behind,
 Who with his superstitious Crew
 Does seek thee utterly t' undoe.
 'Tis he who, in Queen Mary's Regions,
 Sent Saints to Heaven by whole Legions:
 'Tis he who did, in Eighty eight,
 Strike both at *Englands* Church and State:
 'Tis he who did, in Powder Plot,
 At *England* aim, but miss'd his shot:
 'Tis he who has so oft, at Pleasure,
 Exhausted *Englands* well got Treasure:
 'Tis he whose greatest Envy is
 'Gainst *Englands* fair Metropolis:
 'Tis he, that Dam'ner great of souls,
 Who Christianity Controuls:

'Tis he whodid in *Sixty Six*,
 His flaming Sword in *London* fix:
 'Tis he who, big with fire and Nitre,
 It's Suburbs Sacrific'd to th' Mitre:
 'Tis he, who Nursing Mother sent
 Unto our Church, with this Intent,
 Not to be kind to it, but rather
 T'orelay the Babe, and kill the Father:
 'Tis he, grand Patron of Confusion,
 Who works in Houses Dissolution:
 'Tis he who, true Arch-Rebel Monger,
 Gainst elder Brother sets the younger,
 And nothing less than Saint-Thip brings
 To Villains that dare kill their Kings:
 He who, at distance, can Preferr
 In any Realm a Treasurer,
 And Murder Minister of Justice
 That dare act up what his Trust is:
 And yet, though he have nothing less,
 No Name fits him, but Holiness.
 Now then, *So Ho!* methinks I see
 This Monster in Effigie,

The Uukennel'd Fox with speed pursue, and sit
 He stinks already, Boys *Halloo*; in know your will
 Fling in fresh Zeal and Loyalty, and sit
 The Leaders of the *Chace* to be, and sit
 Let all Mouths open, that *ful-cry* in know your will
 We may run down this Enemy; and sit
 Stop all his Grounds, that he may be, and sit
 Defenceless 'gainst his Destiny; and sit
 His Jesuitick Cubs Immure, and sit
 If *Jesus* Flock you would secure; and sit
 Spare not for Horse-flesh, follow on, and sit
 The Day already is half gone; and sit
 Chase him through every Disguise, and sit
 He'll piss on's Tail to blind your Eyes, and sit
 But run him home, for soon he Dyes; and sit
 If he chance t'Earth, dig after him, and sit
 The Country will with Spades come in; and sit
 Never then let your Spirits droop, and sit
 Till you have caught, uncas'd, and cry'd a *ho whoop*.

FINIS.